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Flash Fiction (500 Words)

Her Vellum Introduction

It was a long walk across the cliffs of Dover, champagne lighting and Burberry scarf. Nearing the large hole discovered by Dover engineering blokes, scraped away from a cliffside up top...well, it was something. I'd gathered a team of three others from the pub. We entered the cave/hole thing and immediately blasted our LED lamps to see where destiny would lead. If anywhere.

Down down down through a weird kind of spiral we found, like a staircase carved centuries ago yet covered by dirt. I suggested we stop for tea, no sandwich. We were two women one man, with my male self included for four. Must say, having a break on rocks so black they looked like space was a nice thing to do, in the wild cold.

After we headed down down down. In 10 minutes or so I caused the cave-in. Not sure how, but no one was hurt and nothing lost.

A door was found. Twice as high as anyone standing here.

Made of grey-white marble with elaborate art depicting joyful Medieval times in and around gardens. And books chiseled like explicit gems. So many books!

To the right was a handle, which I pulled. Like a door at Brett Sperry's place it easily weighted a tonne yet balanced so impeccably that...swoosh! It opened wide.

Light inside. The four of us were saucer-eyed as hell, rainbow lumination from various candles of many sizes and shapes. Everywhere. The interior looked like Notre Dame in a way, a super cathedral in so many spectral shadows and flickering goth ambience.

A few delightful glass and iron chandeliers, even.

We cautiously pressed forward, noticing many elements of the cathedral had fallen from its own ceilings over the ages. Beams and urns all over.

We turned a corner near a wall— and there she was, sitting her back toward us at a desk, scribbling and writing on vellum collections using a charcoal-palletted quill. With fury.

Horse-blond hair, wrapped in a tail. Exquisite lean ghost white mantua fashion, perhaps from elite designers ages away.

She turned around leisurely and looked us over, face stoic and ivory lovely like a venerable Cate Blanchett. I knew, unlike the others, that what she wrote was the secret we sought, discussed many times on the moors and probably over stacks of tasty onion crisps someplace.

Yes, on this Royal woman's desk vellum was almost certainly the legend I'd heard in Newcastle upon Tyne, now printed by the woman's hand, elder runes of her many tangential secrets.

"Are you just going to stand there?" she said.

Forward we went. On approach I saw in her hand-written elegance things none of us were ever supposed to read. Someday I'll reveal it. Privately.

For now we're all of us having tea in the Blanchett-ish woman's lair, pub pals talking and wondering about the extensive times since the Billingsgate Fish Market Act of 1699.

Since that was, of course, the day of the Blanchett-type woman's arrival, in Dover.

Cheers, then.

End.